O, the Diuell take ſuch coozeners, God forgiue me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scrope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by rayſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does: hee does; weele bee reueng
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will bee ſuddenly
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong ar
Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thri
Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues, applaud
Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and
packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, p
the point, poore Iade is wrung in the Withers
Enter another Carrier.
2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere
is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots
ned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince
roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to bee the moſt vil
London road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Teach
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe th
chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin fi
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iord
leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber
like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be ha
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and tw
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my pa
ued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt th
thy head? canſt not heare, and 'twere not